Qu. Say then, who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncke *Riuers*, yea, and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſouerainetie.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely told.
King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
King. Madam, your reaſons are too ſhallow, & too quick.
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake.
King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, and the third vſurped.
King. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath loſt his holy honor:
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his Kingly dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd,
King. Now, by the world.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonor'd.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worme.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong'd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by thee paſt wrong'd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtered,